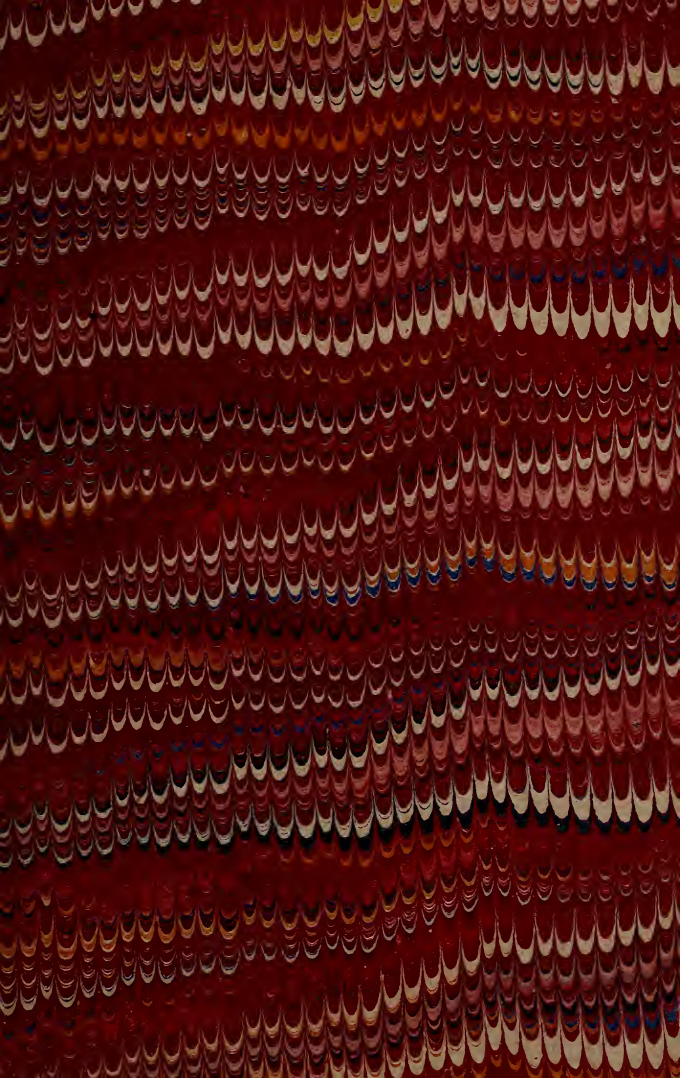
BV
520
.D8

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf. BV520
.D8

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Deposited 10th Aug 1859

THE

UNION

7

SABBATH-SCHOOL

CHORISTER.

A COLLECTION OF SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS,

SELECTED FROM THE

UNION HARP AND REVIVAL CHORISTER.

ARRANGED BY

THE PUBLISHER.

Charles Dunbar

CINCINNATI:
H. M. RULISON, QUEEN CITY PUBLISHING HOUSE
141 MAIN STREET.
1859.

BV520
.H8

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
H. M. RULISON,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,
for the Southern District of Ohio.

20303

THE

UNION SABBATH-SCHOOL CHORISTER.

1. HYMN. P. M.

Away to Sabbath-school.

WHEN the morning light drives away the night,
With sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to Sabbath school:
For 'tis there we all agree,
And with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath school.
I'll away, away, I'll away,
I'll away to sabbath school.

2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
To the Sabbath school I'll go:
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home
For the Sabbath School.
I'll away, etc.

3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:

In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth
At the Sabbath school.
I'll away, etc.

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blossoming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath school.
I'll away, etc.

---

2. HYMN. P. M.

MY Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of Immanuel.
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

2. I hope to live with Jesus,
I hope to live with Jesus,
I hope to live with Jesus,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

3. HYMN. P. M.

OH! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.
I am glad I'm in this army, etc.

3. And when the conflict 's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.
I am glad I'm in this army, etc.

4. HYMN. P. M.

I HAVE a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
Cho.—I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land,
I have a Saviour in the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land.
Cho.—I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land.

3. I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land.
Cho.—I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
I 'll away, I 'll away, to the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.

4. I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land,
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band ;
We 'll praise him in the promised land.
Cho.—We'll away, we'll away, etc.

5. HYMN. P. M.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal:
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2. Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3. Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know:
Samuel's call, O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4. Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abrah'm's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

5. Most of all, may I pursue,
That example Jesus drew:
By my life and conduct show
How he lived and walk'd below:
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

6. HYMN. P. M.

SING, O sing the song of gladness;
Joy becomes the happy scene;
See the earth her wintry sadness
Wears no more, but robes of green.

2. Sing his mercy that doth keep us
While our years are flitting by;
Pouring all its richest treasures,
Guarding with a father's eye—

3. Sing his love, all love surpassing!
How his only Son he gave
On the cruel cross to suffer,
From its doom the soul to save.

4. Brightly now our waving banners
Float upon the gentle breeze;
While the tide of glad hosannas
Pours its choral melodies.

5. Countless as the stars of heaven,
Richer far than golden store,
Are the blessings he has given,
Freely as the summer shower.

6. Children, will you hear the story,
And refuse his pard'ning love?
Come! O come and share his glory
In the worlds of light above.

7. Sing, O sing, his praises bringing,
While the ringing skies resound;
Rocks and hills, and tower and dwelling,
Send the swelling chorus round.

7. HYMN. P. M.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,—
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

8. HYMN. P. M.

I HEAR thee speak of a better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! O where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?
O no, no ; not there, not there, my child.

2. Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or mid the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
O no, no ; not there, not there, my child !

2. Is it far away in some region old
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?
O no, no ; not there, not there, my child !

4. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
There, yes, there is that better land, my child !

9. HYMN. C. M.

WHEN Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart—
And, lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.

2. I wait till he shall make me clean—
Shall life and power impart;
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3. Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in my Lord, come in!

---

10. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN I was young, of tender years,
My Saviour did invite me;
My heart was fill'd with many fears,
But Satan did entice me.
He told me that I was too young
To leave my sinful pleasure;
That I might wait till I was old,
And serve God at my leisure.

2. At length the Spirit came one day,
And strove with mighty power,
Which caus'd me to forsake my way,
And tremble every hour;
Which caused me to weep and mourn,
Saying, Lord Jesus, save me;
If mercy thou canst me afford,
Unto thy glory raise me.

3. When Jesus heard the rebel cry
He sent his kind compassion;
Down at his feet my soul did lie,
There pleading for a blessing.
My heart did melt with tenderness,
My mouth was filled with praises,
While Abba, Father, I did cry,
And glory to my Jesus.

4. Glory to God! for I have found
The pearl of my salvation;
I'm marching through Immanuel's ground,
Up to the heavenly Canaan.
Now I'm resolv'd to serve the Lord,
And never more forsake him;
But march along the heavenly road,
Till I do overtake him.

11. HYMN. P. M.

SILENT night! hallow'd night!
Land and deep, silent sleep!
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beck'ning Israel's eye from afar,
Where the Saviour is born!

2. Silent night! hallow'd night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight—
Jesus the Saviour has come!

3. Silent night! hallow'd night!
Earth awake, silence break;
High your anthems of melody raise,
Sing to heaven in cordial praise,
Peace forever shall reign!

12. HYMN. P. M.

Marseilles Hymn.

HAIL, ransomed world! awake to glory!
For God, the Saviour, bids you rise;
Angelic hosts proclaim the story,
And speed the tidings from the skies:—
Shall then the Prince of darkness reigning—
Oppress the earth from pole to pole—
And bind in chains the immortal soul;
His hands all sacred things profaning?
Awake! O Church, awake!
The tyrant's fetters break!
In God's right arm of strength resolved
On glorious victory.

2. Far let the gospel trump be sounding;
O'er sea, and continent, and isle:—
While the sweet voice of grace abounding;
Shall make the burdened captive smile.
Yes! to a world in bondage lying—
Go teach a bleeding Saviour's name—
Freedom from sin and death proclaim;
On every breeze salvation flying—
And sieze the gospel sword!
And with our mighty Lord!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On glorious victory.

13. HYMN. L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O, Lord thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing and pray;
Be with us then, through this, thy day.

2. Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

---

14. HYMN. P. M.

FIRMLY, children, firmly stand,
All united, heart and hand,
One unbroken, valiant band,
Dauntless, brave, and true;
Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle cry,
Christ your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud to you:—

2. Once our fathers freedom cried,
"Victory *or* death" betide;
But with Jesus on our side,
Death AND vic'try too;
There to die, the battle won,
There to fall, the warfare done,

Glory brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due:—

3. Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
Christ has brought us through;—
Christ, our Captain's name, we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we then, each at his post—
Fall as Christians do.

---

15. HYMN. C. M.

I LOVE the Sabbath school—the place
My youthful feet have trod;
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.

2. I love the Sabbath school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing;
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.

3. I love the Sabbath school—where we
The Holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4. O, that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

16. HYMN. P. M.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till o'er our ransomed nature,

The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

---

17. HYMN. P. M.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares:
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lovely, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

18. HYMN. P. M.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, Come, come away,
O, let us be ready to hail the glad day.

2. And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears shall be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

3. The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend,
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.

4. The graves shall be opened,
The dead shall arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.

5. The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.

19. HYMN. P. M.

WE won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of Truth,—

The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,—
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,—
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

2. We won't give up the Bible,
Nor heed the crafty tongue
That would this treasure take away;
Ye wicked ones, begone!
For ye would fain condemn our minds
To glooms of moral night,
But we defy your mortal power,
And God defends the right!

3. We won't give up the Bible:
But could ye force away
That which is as our life-blood dear,
Yet hear us joyful say:
The words that we have learnt while young
Shall follow all our days,
And those engraven on our hearts,
He never can erase.

4. We won't give up the Bible!
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the swelling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand your treach'rous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
WE'LL NEVER, NEVER PART.

20. HYMN. P. M.

STAR of Peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2. Star of Hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3. Star of Faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4. Star Divine! O, safely guide him—
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

---

21. HYMN. P. M.

Holy Bible.

HOLY Bible, Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine to light me on the road;
Mine to bring me safe to God.

2. Thou hast lighted many through,
Been their sword and compass too,—
Now they shout on Zion's hill,
"Hallelujah! all is well!"

3. So, blest volume, be to me,
Though I much have slighted thee;
Yet instruct me on until,
Safe in heaven, all is well.

4. Then, while endless ages roll,
And fresh glory swells the soul,
O how blest to feel and tell,
'Twas my Bible—all is well.

---

22. HYMN. C. M.

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will, unbidden, start;
With faltering heart, and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who, round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are the living still.

3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.

Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

---

23. HYMN. P. M.

WE live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward, content with the fare;
We're homeward bound.

2. Earth with its trifles we all have resigned,
We're homeward bound.
Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O! how illusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near,
We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join our number, O, come, and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

---

24. HYMN. P. M.

LITTLE trav'lers, Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his foll'wers win—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little trav'lers in!

2. Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from Islands of the main."

3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by—
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!

Each the welcome 'COME' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little trav'lers in!

---

25. HYMN. P. M.

TO THEE, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise:
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2. Lord guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood:
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3. And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till poor benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

26. HYMN. C. M.

THE Sunday-school! the Sunday-school!
Blest be the wondrous plan!
So strong its power, so fraught with love,
Descending down to man!
The Bible and the Sunday-school
Our bulwark firm shall be,
To guard our rights, maintain our laws,
Preserve our liberty.

2. The blessed Bible! we'll maintain
Our charter and our shield—
Its precepts and its promises
Unfetter'd sway shall wield.
With free-born minds, and bounding hearts,
We prize its sacred truth,
For comfort in declining years—
Our guide in early youth.

---

27. HYMN. P. M.

O COME, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love—
O come let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee
In heavenly melody—
O come let us sing!

2. The full notes prolong
Our festal celebration:
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.

Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes prolong.

3. O swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating:
His Son he gave, our souls to save—
O swell, swell the song!
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

4. We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending:
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise.
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified:
"'Tis finish'd," then, he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!

5. All full chorus join—
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild;
All full chorus join!

28. HYMN. P. M.

ONCE was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour when on earth ;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2. Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3. Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay ;
But hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4. God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5. Oh, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

29. HYMN. P. M.

HAPPY the spirit released from its clay:
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe,
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

2. How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus has come.

---

30. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day;
O! how they sweetly sing, "worthy is our Saviour King;"
Loud let his praises ring; praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to that happy land, come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
O, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live for thee, blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land, beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die ;
O, then to glory run; be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun, we reign for aye.

---

31. HYMN. C. M.

MY father's growing old ! his eye
Looks dimly on the page ;
The locks that round his forehead lie,
Are silver'd o'er by age.
My heart has learned too well the tale
Which other lips have told ;
His years and strength begin to fail,—
My father's growing old.

2. They tell me in my youthful years,
He led me by his side,
And strove to calm my childish fears—
My erring steps to guide.
But years, with all their scenes of change,
Above us both have rolled ;
I now must guide his faltering steps,—
My father's growing old.

3. And when each tuneful voice we raise
In songs of "long ago,"
His voice, which mingles with our lays,
Is tremulous and low;
It used to seem a clarion's tone,
So musical and bold;
But weaker, fainter has it grown,—
My father's growing old.

4. The same fond smile he used to wear,
Still wreaths his pale lips now;
But time, with lines of age and care,
Has traced his placid brow.
But yet, amid the lapse of years,
His heart has not grown cold;
Though voice and footsteps plainly tell
My father's growing old.

5. My father! thou didst strive to share
My joys, and calm my fears,
And now thy child, with grateful care,
In thy declining years
Shall smooth thy path, and brighter scenes
By faith and hope unfold;
And love thee with a holier love,
Since thou art "growing old."

---

32. HYMN. P. M.

HOW cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss
Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Should leave their bright mansions of glory above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! to the Lamb! hallelujah! to the Lamb!
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! to the Lamb!

2. They come on the wings of the morning, they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode
And bear him to rest in the bosom of love.

33. HYMN. P. M.

I WILL never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake,
I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
For my name and mercy sake.
Fear no evil, fear no evil,
Only all my counsel take;
For I 'll never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake.

2. When the storm is raging round thee,
Call on me in humble prayer;
I will fold my arms about thee,
Guard thee with the tend'rest care.
In the trial, in the trial,
I will make thy pathway clear;
For I 'll never, etc.

3. When the sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright,
Pleasure, like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight,
I 'll be with thee,
I will guide thy steps aright,
For I 'll never, etc.

4. When thy soul is dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,
Thro' the mists by which 'tis shrouded,
I will make a light appear,
And the banner
Of my love I will uprear.
For I 'll never, etc.

34. HYMN. P. M.

COME, my Christian brethren, come,
Let us onward to our home,
Though we many trials meet,
Jesus makes our trials sweet.

CHORUS

We with Jesus soon shall be
Happy in eternity:
By our Father's side sit down:
They that conquer shall wear the crown.

2. Brother Christian, doubt no more,
Christ, your Saviour's gone before;
He himself has marked the way,
Leading to eternal day.
We with Jesus, etc.

3. Let us never be afraid,
'Tis on Christ our help is laid;
He will all our foes o'ercome,
He will take his exiles home.
We with Jesus, etc.

4. Though the world revile and mock,
We are built upon the Rock;
And while thus we dwell secure,
Christ will make our goings sure.
We with Jesus, etc.

---

35. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN to thee, who hast thy dwelling
In the heaven of light excelling,

We our youthful griefs are telling;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

2. When, at birth of rosy morning,
Our glad songs shall greet the dawning,
When the sun the noon 's adorning;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

3. Or when day's bright hours are ending,
When, the shades of night descending
We are at thy footstool bending;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

4. For a life thy praise expressing
For a death thy name confessing,
For a heaven of endless blessing;
Lord and Saviour, hear us.

---

36. HYMN. C. M.

NOW, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng
O give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2. Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still,
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3. Improve the strength you here have gain'd
To do his holy will;
Improve the knoweldge here attain'd,
To love and serve him still.

4. Let not the world have cause to say,
You served your God for naught;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

---

37. HYMN. P. M.

NOW is done the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Hush'd the voice of friends beseeching
Us to seek for joys above:
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, O! they swiftly move.

2. Wake, then, every tender feeling!
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay—
Make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath day.

3. Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath schools be past,
Like the leaf to earth descended,
Wither'd in the autumn blast:
Life is passing—
We must see the grave at last.

4. Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright;
And, with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

38. HYMN. C. M.

WE lift to heaven our tearful eyes,
And bow in sadness here;
For cold in death our teacher lies,
Upon the lowly bier.

2. We never more shall hear the word
Of wisdom from that tongue;
Gone now to reap a rich reward—
The work of earth is done!

3. Asleep in death—but not the word
Of wisdom from that tongue;
To-day, it bids us seek the Lord,
Before the night comes on.

4. O may we heed the counsel wise,
By our dear teacher given;
And meet that spirit in the skies,
And share the bliss of heaven!

---

39. HYMN. L. M.

THERE is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

2. Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

3. Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

---

40. HYMN. P. M.

GO to thy rest, my child—
Go to thy dreamless bed;
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head:
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2. Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,—
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,—
Ere sin might wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

3. Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright,—
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,—
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

41. HYMN. C. M.

CHILDREN.

TO Sabbath school, to Sabbath school,
We'll haste, we'll haste away;
We'll early be at Sabbath school,
Nor ever stop to play.

TEACHERS.

2. At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,
This precious holy day;
Be careful at the Sabbath school
Your lessons well to say.

CHILDREN.

3. At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,
This precious holy day;
We'll careful be at Sabbath school
Our lessons well to say.

TEACHERS.

4. At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,
Your teachers' voice obey;
And listen at the Sabbath school
To everything they say.

BOTH.

5. The Sabbath school, the Sabbath school,
It is the place of prayer;
We'll solemn be at Sabbath school,
For God himself is there.

42. HYMN. C. M.

A YEAR, another year, is fled;
Its issues who can tell?
Millions of voices of the dead
Reply from heaven or hell.

2. All these were living at the birth
Of the departed year:
They all have vanish'd from the earth,
We fill their places here.

3. Lost spirits from the dark abyss
Cry mournfully, Beware!
Spirits in glory and in bliss
Sing joyfully, Prepare!

4. Thus timely warn'd, and moved with fear,
Of wrath let us beware:
For life or death, in this new year—
For earth and heaven prepare.

---

43. HYMN. L. M.

A MOURNING class, a vacant seat
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2. No more that voice we loved to hear
Shall fill *her* teacher's list'ning ear;
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3. That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, must buried lie

Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night, that fills the tomb.

4. God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

---

44. HYMN. C. M.

THE Sabbath is the day of rest
From earthly toil and care,
The holy day that God hath bless'd,
The time for praise and prayer.

2. Now we must lay our toys aside,
And leave our sports and play;
Far better things doth God provide
For this his holy day.

3. The Sunday school, the house of prayer,
With open doors invite:
We see our kind instructors there,
And pleasant is the sight.

4. And there we read and hear that Word
Which makes the simple wise:
And learn to know and fear the Lord,
And heavenly truth to prize.

5. There too we sing our Saviour's love,
Who from the dead arose;
Who lives, and from his throne above
Eternal life bestows.

6. May we improve our Sabbaths more,
And thus for heaven prepare;
That we may spend, when life is o'er,
An endless Sabbath there.

45. HYMN. L. M.

WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2. We are but young—yet we must die;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.

3. We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O! lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

4. We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

46. HYMN. L. M.

PRESERVED by thine Almighty Power,
Our Lord, our Maker,—Saviour,—King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.
Happy day, etc.

2. We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given;
Oh may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
Happy day, etc.

3. We praise thee for the joyful news,
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood;
Oh Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The road to happiness and God.
Happy day, etc.

4. And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Happy day, etc.

---

47. HYMN. P. M.

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of modern days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

2. We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

3. Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

---

48. HYMN. P. M.

TO-DAY,—If ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away.

2. Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
Say,—will you be for ever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
We are passing away.

3. Come now, dear youth! for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
We are passing away.

4. Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away.

49. HYMN. C. M.

SPEAK gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently: let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2. Speak gently: love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

3. Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

4. Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

5. Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

6. Speak gently to the erring—know
That they have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so.
O! win them back again.

7. Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

50. HYMN. L. M.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch to pray,
And live rejoicing every day, etc.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day! happy day! etc.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Happy day! happy day! etc.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.
Happy day! happy day! etc.

5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day! happy day! etc.

51. HYMN. C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Chorus.

I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And the streams of salvation
Are copious and free.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the powers of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

52. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN I sleep, and when I wake,
When my daily walks I take,
Though my eyes no God can see,
Still He ever looks at me.

2. When I speak a wicked word,
By my Saviour it is heard;
Though I seek from God to flee,
Still from heaven he looks at me.

3. When I break His holy day,
And indulge in sinful play,
Could I still so thoughtless be
If I felt He looks at me?

4. When with wicked ones I play,
When my heart forgets to pray,
Though I may forgetful be,
Still my Saviour looks at me.

5. When my angry passions rise,
God can hear my sinful cries;
When rebellious I would be,
Still He ever looks at me.

6 Every disobedient word,
False or cross, in heaven is heard:
Though no human eye can see,
God, my Saviour, looks at me.

7. In each action that I do,
God can see me through and through:
May this thought a comfort be,
Christ, my Saviour, cares for me.

53. HYMN. P. M.

The Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest.
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepar'd for the blest;
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tun'd celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise;
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;
Their songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul shall respond, to Emmanual be given,
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then, hail blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above;
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love;
Though prison'd in clay, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

54. HYMN. P. M.

WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of woe,
Where streams of sorrow flow,

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—
Give me Jesus—
You may have all this world—
Give me Jesus.

2. When tears o'erflow mine eyes;
When pressed by grief I sigh;
Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus, etc.

3. When to the mercy-seat
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus, etc.

4. Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through Him I shall prevail:—
Give me Jesus, etc

5. And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout as up I soar,
Give me Jesus, etc.

6. When at the judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus, etc.

55. HYMN. C. M.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?
Chorus—Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid,
Thine all the glory be.

2. Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fastings and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
Our sorrows, etc.

3. Gethsemane, can we forget,
Thy struggling agony,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
Our sorrows, etc.

4. The nails—the spear—can we forget,
The agonizing cry:
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son, forsaken die?"
Our sorrow, etc.

5. Life's brightest joys we may forget,
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.
Our sorrows, etc.

56. HYMN. P. M.

SAY, my brother, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God I 'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.
Jesus lives and reigns forever
Forever, ever more;
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Praise God forever more.

2. Say, my sister, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God I 'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

3. Say, dear children, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God we 'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

4. Say, my teachers, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God we 'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

5. Say, young converts, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?
Yes, by the grace of God we 'll meet you
On Canaan's happy shore.

6. There we 'll sing and shout forever,
There we 'll sing and shout forever,
There we 'll sing and shout forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

57. HYMN. P. M.

WITH joy again, kind friends, we meet you,
Once again our songs we sing ;
This happy night we gladly greet you,
Grateful hearts their tribute bring.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come with songs to greet you,
We come, we come, we come, we come again.

2. Time has sped since last you hearkened
To our notes of youthful praise,
Yet our joys have not been darkened
By the noiseless flight of days,
We come, we come, etc.

3. But now again we meet in gladness,
To wipe the tear from every eye ;
Come ! banish from the heart all sadness,
Nor let a sorrow cause a sigh.
We come, we come, etc.

4. We once again give you our greeting,
While we welcome those we love,
Hoping for a happier meeting
In our Father's house above.
We come, we come, etc.

---

58. HYMN. C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears,
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
'Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

---

59. HYMN. P. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heav'n,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band—
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

2. What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair—
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing glory, etc.

3. Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean—
Singing glory, etc.

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb—
Singing glory, etc.

60. HYMN. P. M.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above:
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2. Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3. Friends fondly cherished have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

4. Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear:
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

5. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

6. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

61. HYMN. P. M.

WE speak, we speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And ofttimes its glories we here confess,
But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak, we speak of its pathway of gold,
And its walks decked with jewels most rare;
Of the river of life and its joys untold—
But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From fightings without and fears within—
But what must it be to be there.

4. Then let us, my brethren, midst pleasure and woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
For shortly we all may rejoice to know
And feel what it is to be there.

62. HYMN. P. M.

THE Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation—wide opens the door—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

2. The Bible—the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price,"
'Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3. The Bible—the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

63. HYMN. C. M.

O happy land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.

CHORUS.

Tune all your harps to sing His praise,
Who died that we might live;
We soon shall reach that happy place,
Which Christ, the Lord, will give.

2. But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.
Tune all your harps, etc.

3. Thou heavenly friend! thou heavenly friend!
O, hear us when we pray;
Now let Thy pard'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Tune all your harps, etc.

4. Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To Thy blest service given;
That we may meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransom'd band in heaven.
Tune all your harps, etc.

---

64. HYMN. C. M.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2. 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To seek religion young;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.

3. To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

4. Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

---

65. HYMN. P. M.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2. Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love,
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3. Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4. Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

66. HYMN. P. M.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I ought to love best;
The morning the Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2. O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;
Rememb'ring these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere,
In the school while I learn, may I listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4. Instruct me, my Saviour, for Thine would I be,
Nor am I too young to be noticed by Thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in Thy ways,
I would love Thee, and serve Thee, and give Thee the praise.

---

67. HYMN. C. M.

WHEN Thou shalt make Thy jewels up,
And set Thy starry crown;
When all Thy gems, O Lord, shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own,—

2. May we, a little band of love,
Poor sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

68. HYMN. L. M.

MAY this a happy new year be;
We would begin it, Lord, with Thee;
O mercifully condescend
To be our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend.

2. Each day our youthful footsteps guide,
And keep us closely by Thy side;
Each night may we in safety rest
Within Thy fold—upon Thy breast.

3. Blest Saviour, we would bring to Thee,
A New Year's gift; O may it be
A heart renew'd by grace divine,
Which Thou wilt take and own as Thine.

4. And we would ask a gift from Thee—
Thine own best blessing let it be;
The Comforter, the Holy Dove,
To teach our hearts a Saviour's love.

5. And when our years on earth are told.
Then take us to Thy heavenly fold;
May this our happy portion be—
To spend eternity with Thee.

---

69. HYMN. P. M.

O HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2. That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3. 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet.
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried;
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

---

70. HYMN. L. M.

DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
To share our toils, and joys, and tears?
And must we bid a sad farewell?

2. Yes, thou must fill thy future lot
Far from thy fond and cherished friends,
But not to be by us forgot
While life its beating pulses spends

3. We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath-day;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.

4. We'll think of thee around the board
That speaks of a dying Saviour's love;
And trust our joy will be restored
In endless fellowship above.

5. Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessings fill *his* heart,
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.

---

71. HYMN. L. M.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeem'd by blood, and saved by grace.

2. The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
No sin, no sorrow there they know,
But bask in one eternal day.

3. Now to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join the songs,
Hosanna to the immortal King
To whom immortal praise belongs!

4. Most gracious Lord! O may we be
All brought with them in bliss to join;
Thy sacred countenance to see,
And sing Thy mercies all divine!

72. HYMN. C. M.

WE'LL not forget the Sunday school,
This hallow'd, much-loved place ;
Though friends and scenes around us change,
And time flies on apace.

2. We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Where hopes of sin forgiven
Through Him alone, who came to die,
Allure our souls to heaven.

3. We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Which taught us to beware
Of Satan's foul, deceitful arts,
Our youthful souls t' insnare.

4. We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Nor friends that here we found,
Who strove to lead us home to God ;
To them our hearts are bound.

5. We'll follow in their footsteps here,
And teach, and sing, and love ;
Keep them and us, Lord, in Thy fear,
'Till we shall meet above !

---

73. HYMN. P. M.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in its courts to-day ;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest

2. While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our wordly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3. As we meet Thy name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes
While we in Thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4. May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
'Till we join the Church above.

---

74. HYMN. L. M.

LET children to their God draw near
With rev'rence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Maker, Saviour, Guide and Friend.

2. Lord, may Thy mercies great and free
Fill us with gratitude to Thee;
And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

3. Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love ;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the straight and narrow way.

4. In times of sickness, times of health,
In times of poverty or wealth,
And in our last and dying hour,
Save us by Thine almighty power.

5. Then may we join the happy band
That in Thy heavenly temple stand,
And as Thy goodness we adore,
Sing glory, glory evermore.

---

75. HYMN. C. M.

THE drunkard wastes away his strength
For that which does no good ;
He madly drinks, and sees at length,
His children pine for food.

2. The sparkling poison of the bowl
Makes all the man decay—
Creates a hell within his soul,
And clouds his troubled way.

3. And when at length he comes to die,
He shrieks in wild affright ;
For snaky fiends are gath'ring nigh—
Hell opens to his sight !

4. Then let us to our ways attend,
For God in wrath decrees,
That drunkards shall at last descend
To endless agonies.

76. HYMN. P. M.

WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb;
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that once was slain.

Chorus.—Glory, hallelujah!
Praise him, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord.

2. Stars of morning shout for joy!
Sing redemption's mystery;
Holy, holy, holy cry, praise ye the Lord.

3. Bend thy bow, and whet thy sword,
Send thy spirit with thy word—
Now revive thy work, O Lord, thou bleeding Lamb.

4. In this place, and at this hour,
Bare thy arm, display thy power,—
Show thyself the Conqueror, thou reigning Lamb.

5. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew, to praise the Lord.

6. Thus we may each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till on Zion's holy hill, we praise the Lamb.

7. And when landed safe above,
In the kingdom of his love,
We shall all the fullness prove, of Christ the Lamb.

8. You must all be born anew,
You must all be happy too,
You must all this gate pass through, to that bright world.

77. HYMN. P. M.

THE morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

2. And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past,
Youth is the morning bright and gay,
And, if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

---

78. HYMN. L. M.

I LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
I love to rise and quit my home,
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my friends and teachers there.

2. 'Tis here I'm always taught to pray,
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard and guide me still,
And ever help to do his will

3. 'Tis here I sing a Saviour's love
That brought him from his throne above;
'Tis here I seek my Father's face,
And here begin the Christian's race.

79. HYMN. C. M.

I'M with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began, my journey ends,
Amind the scenes of home.
No other clime has sky so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet us here,
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet us here.

2. Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land;
I've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue;
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung.

3. My native land I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer;
Where man is brave, and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined;
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
Within our borders find,
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

80. HYMN. P. M.

O SAY can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
On the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare—bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does the star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore dimly seen, through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze o'er the lowering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner, etc.

3. And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner, etc.

4. O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner, etc.

---

81. HYMN. L. M.

WHAT is't to keep Thanksgiving-day?
Is it to eat, and drink, and play,
Our work to leave, our friends to meet,
And please our taste with every sweet?

2. No, 'tis a day of pious joy,
And we should every hour employ
In speaking of God's mercies given,
And raising grateful thoughts to heaven.

3. The friends we meet, the food we share,
The fire we feel, the clothes we wear,
And all the blessings that we prove,
Should fill our hearts with grateful love.

82. HYMN. P. M.

THE bright flag of America,
How gallantly it waves
Above the freeman's dwelling place,
Above the foeman's grave,
By noble streams and forests deep,
And on the bounding sea,
A thousand hearts are welcoming
The banner of the free.
The banner of the free;
The banner of the free.

2. Where'er a peaceful hamlet lies,
Its sheltering hills between,
The starry beacon floats above,
As guardian of the scene;
Where'er the north pine forests bind
The tempests sweeping blast;
And every stone a record keeps
Of struggles of the past.
Of struggles of the past,
Of struggles of the past.

3. Where prairie's spreading plain is seen,
And wild war-whoops ring by;
Or, by the distant watercourse,
Beneath a southern sky—
The stars and stripes wave proudly out,
And from far wood to sea,
From heart and voice breaks forth the shout,
"The banner of the free,"
"The banner of the free."

83. HYMN. P. M.

WHO shall sing, if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why to them were voices given—
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practise here?

2. There 's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne:
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is it not the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they can not sing too early:
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

---

84. HYMN. P. M.

AMERICA, I love thee still!
There 's glory in thy name,
There 's brightness beaming from thy birth,
And honor from thy fame.

There's beauty in thy naked soil,
Bespeaking smiles of love;
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim,
Protection from above.

2. America, I love thee still!
Thou art my native land!
Thy joys, so pure, can ne'er be found
Upon a foreign strand.
Tho' pleasure's path and fortune's smiles
In other climes seem fair,
The brightest of their hopes and joys,
Can naught with thee compare.

3. America, I love thee still!
Resplendent glories gleam,
Through all thy deeds;—the sacred light
Shall ever be my theme.
Pure from the realms of Victory's sky,
The crown was given to thee;
Midst starry lights eternal stands
The orb of liberty.

---

85. HYMN. P. M.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

86. HYMN. P. M.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us—
He can all our sorrow heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

---

87. HYMN. P. M.

"FEED my lambs"—how condescending,
How compassionate the grace
Of the Saviour, just ascending,
Thus to bless our infant race!

2. Richest treasure, dearest token,
From his stores of love to give;
Kept from age to age unbroken,
'Till its bounty we receive.

88. HYMN. P. M.

Christmas Day.

ALL hail! happy day,
When, enrobed in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth;
How can we refrain
To unite in the strain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth!

2. Ye angels of God,
Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM:
We also will join
In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb!

3. O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remember'd with joy!
Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujahs shall be our employ!

4. Let echo prolong
The harmonious song,—
Hallelujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

89. HYMN. P. M.

HARK my mother's voice I hear,
Sweet that voice is to my ear;
Ever soft it seems to tell,
Dearest child, I love thee well.

2. Love me, mother? yes, I know
None can love as well as thou;
Was it not upon thy breast
I was taught in sleep to rest?

3. Didst not thou, in hours of pain,
Lull this head to ease again?
With the music of thy voice
Bid my little heart rejoice?

---

90. HYMN. P. M.

HARK! the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Let us haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

2. 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
We have met for praise and prayer,
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us then be early there.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4. Children haste ; the bells are ringing,
And the morning 's bright and fair,
Thousands now are joined in singing ;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

---

91. HYMN. L. M.

The Sunday-school.

THE Sunday-school, how dear to me !
Within thy walls I love to be.
My youthful heart with joy is full
When I am in the Sunday-school.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school !
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school !
My youthful heart with joy is full
When I am in the Sunday-school !

2. 'Tis here that I my teachers see,
Who always pleased to welcome me,
As on the Sabbath day we meet
In our accustomed class and seat,
In Sunday-school, etc.

3. 'Tis here that I am taught to pray,
And love God's holy Sabbath day ;
To sing his praise and learn his will,
And all my duties to fulfill,
In Sunday-school, etc.

4. 'Tis here I learn that Christ has died,
That he for me was crucified ;
That he my precious soul has bought ;
These blessed truths I here am taught,
In Sunday-school, etc.

92. HYMN. L. M.

FAREWELL, farewell to all below,
My Saviour calls and I must go;
I 'll launch my boat upon the sea,
O! there 's a better land for me.
This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home.

2. I found the winding paths of sin,
A rugged path to travel in,
Beyond the chilling waves I see,
The land my Saviour bought for me.

3. O sinner! why will you not go?
There is room enough for you I know,
The vessel 's large, the passage free,
O! there 's a better land for me.

4. Praise be to God, my home 's on high,
Where angels sing, and so will I,
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O! that 's the land, the land for me.

---

93. HYMN. C. M.

Eternity.

THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2. Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3. For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or dwell where darkness reigns.

4. If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, oh! let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must FOREVER be?

94. HYMN. S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here!

2. How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found,
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light—
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

95. HYMN. P. M.

Safe in the Promised Land.

WHERE, O! where are the Hebrew children—
Where, O! where are the Hebrew children,
Who were cast in the furnace of fire?
Safe now in the promis'd land.
By-and-by we 'll go home to meet them,
By-and-by we 'll go home to meet them,
By-and-by we 'll go home to meet them;
'Way o'er in the promis'd land.

2. Where, O! where is the prophet Daniel—
Where, O! where is the prophet Daniel,
Who was cast in the den of lions?
Safe now in the promis'd land.
By-and-by, etc.

3. Where, O! where is the martyred Stephen—
Where, O! where is the martyred Stephen,
Who was stoned for his love to Jesus?
Safe now in the promis'd land.
By-and-by, etc.

---

96. HYMN. P. M.

Dear Father, ere we part.

DEAR father, ere we part,
Now let thy grace descend,
And fill each youthful heart
With peace from Christ our friend;
May show'rs of blessings from above,
Descend and fill our hearts with love.

2. May we, in after years,
With gratitude review
The service of this day,
The works we now pursue;
And speed our way to worlds above,
With hearts all fired with holy love.

3. We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,—
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4. Then when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they, to God who gave,
Ascend, in endless day,
To join with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

---

97. HYMN. L. M.

I am bound for the Land of Canaan.

TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O! Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O! Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2. Part of my friends the prize have won
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I 'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O! Canaan, etc.

3. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O! Canaan, etc.

---

98. HYMN. P. M.

The Child's Desire

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

99. HYMN. C. M.

THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2. And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4. Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frames decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5. Great God, impress this serious thought
To-day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.

---

100. HYMN. C. M.

Cross and Crown.

LORD teach a little child to pray;
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

2. A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy mercy's aid.

3. But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4. To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he 'll wipe away.

5. For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

---

101. HYMN. C. M.

The Joyful Meeting.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more.
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who 've gone before.

2. Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
O! that will be joyful, etc.

3. The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
O! that will be joyful, etc.

4. Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.
O! that will be joyful, etc.

---

102. HYMN. P. M.

Rejoice, or Millenium.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And ev'ry creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
And lambs shall with the leopard play;
For nought shall harm in Zion's way;
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree, and plough the earth;
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations learn to war no more;
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

103. HYMN. P. M.

Come, let us Sing.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and voices blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend.
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices,
Exulting in his love.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave.
And in our hour of danger,
We 'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3. Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay;
And hope to sing of Jesus,
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

---

104. HYMN. C. M.

The Promised Land

WE 'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy, youthful band,
And seek the plains of light.
O! come and join our youthful band,
Our songs and triumphs share;
We soon shall reach the promised land,
And rest forever there.

2. The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is freely given;
The living waters from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.
O! come and join, etc.

3. In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And youthful voices there shall join,
With the angelic choir.
O! come and join, etc.

4. Our teachers kind, do point the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To those bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.
O ! come and join, etc.

---

105. HYMN. P. M.

HOLY and bright is the soften'd light
Of the Sabbath evening o'er us ;
Then with calm delight will we sing to-night,
Our vesper hymn in chorus !
We 'll sing the love of God above,
Who sent his Son to save us,
With sacrifice beyond all price,
Eternal life he gave us.

2. Pilgrims are we in this world of sin,
And our pathway filled with sorrow ;
But we 'll firmly tread in the steps he led,
And fear not for the morrow.
We 'll sing, etc.

3. With heaven in view, let our hearts be true
In Christ, whose blood hath bought us,
With an inward strife, and a lowly life,
We 'll follow as he taught us.
We 'll sing, etc.

4. On let us press in the heavenly race,
With patient faith untiring ;
All the warfare done, we 'll obtain the crown
Of steadfast hearts aspiring.
We 'll sing, etc.

106. HYMN. P. M.

Sing Praises.

IN the rosy light of the morning bright,
Lift the voice of praise on high,
From the lips of youth, to the God of truth,
Let the joyful echoes fly.
Sing praises, glad praises,
Sing, children, sing;
Let your songs arise to the lofty skies,
And exult in God our King.

2. As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye:
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.
Sing praises, etc.

3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;—
Let his praises forever flow.
Sing praises, etc.

4. Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, etc.

5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arms we 'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, etc.

107. HYMN. P. M.

Christ the Sinner's Friend.

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3. When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

---

108. HYMN. P. M.

Time Fleeting.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

109. HYMN. P. M.

THE wond'rous love of Jesus?
From doubts and fears it frees us,
With pitying eye it sees us,
While traveling here below.
Chorus.—Till we all meet in heaven,
Till we all meet in heaven,
Where we shall meet and part no more.

2. And there we shall forever,
Drink of the flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne above.
When we, etc.

3. There is a blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We 'll worship then the Lamb.
When we, etc.

4. We 'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.
When we, etc.

110. HYMN. P. M.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own:
Let thy Spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mold it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to Heaven.

---

111. HYMN. P. M.

HARK! the bells of holy Sabbath,
Hear their ringing soft and clear,
While their solemn, sacred music
Sounds so sweetly to the ear;
Hear their sweet, persuasive summons,
Recalling now God's high behest:
Six days shalt thou have for labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

2. While the tools of weary workmen,
Lying all unheeded now;
For from toil his arm is ceasing,
Happy smiles play on his brow,

As he hears the church bells ringing,
Blessing with tears the high behest,
Six days shalt thou have for labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

3. Human hearts, e'en if they 're sinful,
Now a purer impulse swells,
As they feel the soothing cadence,
Of those sweetly echoing bells;
For their music, calm but earnest,
Echo deep within the breast;
Six days shalt thou have for labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

4. What a blessing is the Sabbath,
With its sweetly chiming bells!
Spirits pure of deep devotion
In their calm vibration dwells,
Then the weary one 's reminded
Of *Jehovah's* high behest:
Six days only shalt thou labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest.

---

112. HYMN. P. M.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

2. I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top
He met his Father there.

3. I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4. I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said;
"She hath done what she could."

5. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour! send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

---

113. HYMN. P. M.

First Voice—Child—

"OH, boatman, row me o'er the stream,
The storm is rising near,
And I must cross to yonder point,
Before the storm is here."

Second Voice—Boatman—

"You can not cross to yonder point;
The lightnings fiercely gleam,
And brave the heart and strong the arm,
That rows across the stream."

Chorus—All—

The sun is set, the tide is strong,
The lightnings fiercely gleam,
And brave the heart and strong the arm
That rows across the stream.

Child—

2. "Oh, boatman, row me o'er the stream,
The gale, I fear it not;
My gentle mother waits for me,
Within our lonely cot."

Boatman—

Thy mother long shall wait for thee
In vain, thou darling child,
If thou should'st tempt the raging stream
Amid a storm so wild."

Chorus—All—

The sun is set, the tide is strong,
The lightnings fiercely gleam,
And brave the heart and strong the arm
That rows across the stream.

Child—

3. "Oh, boatman, row me o'er the stream,
And swift our bark shall glide,
My Father holds the raging storm,
And calms the angry tide!"

Boatman—

"Then I will row thee o'er the stream,
If God will be thy stay;
We'll boldly ride before the storm,—
Oh, haste thee, child, away!"

Chorus—All—

The sun is set, the wind is strong,
The lightnings fiercely gleam;
We'll trust in Heaven, and boldly dare,
The deep and rolling stream!"

114. HYMN. P. M.

HARK, how the angels sing,
Anthems from heaven,
Tiding of joy they bring,
Jesus is given;
He comes the world to own,
Earth, hail thy King.
Children, come seek his throne,
Your praises bring.

2. O heavenly Bethlehem,
Had we been there,
Guarding our tender lambs,
With fondest care;
We with the shepherd throng,
Flowers would bear;
With the rose and the song,
Gladdening the air.

3. Still to the temple here,
He deigns to come,
Deeming sweet childhood's prayer,
Richest perfume;
No flowret's he'll receive,
Strewed at his feet,
While the song childhood gives,
To Him is sweet.

4. O may these little ones,
In yonder heaven,
Worship before the throne,
Where joy is given;

Where flowers that never die.
Lov'd angels bring,
In the world o'er the sky,
With them we'll sing.

---

115. HYMN. S. M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I would not be controlled ;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill
O'er deserts waste and wild ;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole ;
'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

116. HYMN. P. M.

WE'VE bid the vain pleasures of earth now adieu,
The glories of Zion stand full in our view;
With joy we press onward at Jesus' command,
And soon we'll go up to possess the good land.

Chorus.—Give him glory! He is worthy!
Give him glory! He is worthy!
And we 'll all give him glory,
When we arrive at home.
When *you* arrive—and *I* arrive—
When *they* arrive—and *all* arrive—
Then we 'll *all* give him glory,
When we arrive at home.

2. The bondage of sin it was hard, but we 're free,
And sweetly possessing the true liberty;
And all may unite now with us, in our band,
And soon we 'll go up and possess the good land.
Give him glory, etc.

3. The tall sons of Anak may stand in our way,
But Jesus, our captain, is stronger than they,
The power of his gospel they cannot withstand,
So come, let us go, and possess the good land.
Give him glory, etc.

117. HYMN. P. M.

WE have no home but heaven!
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation;
By varied ills opprest;
Each day's experience warns us
That this is not our rest.

2. We have no home but heaven!
Then wherefore seek one here;
Why murmur at privations,
Or grieve when trouble 's near?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.

3. We have no home but heaven!
We want no home beside;
O God, our friend and Father!
Our footsteps thither guide!
Unfold to us its glory;
Prepare us for its joy—
Its pure and perfect friendship—
Its angel-like employ.

4. We have no home but heaven!
How cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught.

With eager hearts we hasten,
The promised bliss to share ;
We have no home but heaven !
Oh would that we were there.

---

118. HYMN. P. M.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Saviour arose ;
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain ;
But if he will make me his child,
I 'll never forsake him again.

2. This day he invites me to come,
How kindly he bids me draw near;
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.

3. I can not, I must not refuse ;
His goodness has conquered my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose ;
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

119. HYMN. P. M.

SWEETLY the Sabbath bell
Steals on the air,
That in the house of God,
Bids us appear;
"Children of God," it seems
Softly to say,
"Haste to your Father's house,
Hasten to pray."

2. Oft as the Sabbath chimes
Summon to pray,
May we their holy call
Gladly obey;
Then, when the last sad bell
For us shall sound,
Ready our Judge to meet
We may be found.

---

120. HYMN. P. M.

THE light of Sabbath eve,
Is fading fast away:
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed?
Or have these moments, lent,
Been sacredly employed?

2. How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That can not not come again!

Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say:
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3. To waste these Sabbath hours,
Oh! may we never dare;
Nor taint, with thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer:
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste, clear,
Of that sweet rest above.

---

121. HYMN. C. M.

JOY to the world,—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world,—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods,—rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

122. HYMN. P. M.

COME, let us all awake,
Sing every one;
Let every voice partake,
Join in our song:
Our grateful notes of praise,
O Lord! to thee we raise,
Spirit of truth and grace,
Lord, hear our song.

2. Thanks to our God on high,
Sing endless praise;
Thanks for his watchful eye,
Guiding our ways;
Thanks for his holy word,
Pointing to Jesus' blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
To endless days.

3. Down from his Father's throne,
Glorious and bright,
He came, and bled, and died—
O wondrous sight!
Jesus, to thee we come,
In childhood's early bloom,
O! lead us safely home
To realms of light.

4. Then let us all awake,
Sing every one;
Let every voice partake,
Join in our song;

Children, his praise proclaim,
Teachers, prolong the strain,
Glory to Jesus' name!
Worthy the Lamb.

123. HYMN. P. M.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2. I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousand
I'd praise him day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

4. O! there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

---

124. HYMN. C. M.

WE lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day;
We just began to view thy bloom,
And thou art called away.

2. Friendship and love have done their last,
And now can do no more;
The bitterness of death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.

3. Thy gentle spirit passed away
'Mid pain the most severe;
So great we could not wish thy stay
A moment longer here.

4. Thou minglest now in that bright throng
Around the eternal throne,
And join'st the everlasting song
With those before thee gone.

5. O who could wish thy longer stay
In such a world as this,
Since thou hast gained the realms of day,
And pure, undying bliss?

125. HYMN. C. M.

OUR compass is the sacred word,
Our anchor blooming hope;
The love of God our maintop-sail,
And faith our cable rope.

CHORUS.

Then hoist your sails to catch the gales,
The storms will soon be o'er;
The night begins to wear away,
We soon shall reach the shore.

2. But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
How can we fear when Christ is near,
Our Father 's at the helm?

3. We 're not afraid, for many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
And soon we 'll hear the joyful cry
The land appears in view.

4. Send out a boat, I 'll go along,
If you can find me room,
There 's room for you and all the world,
Make no delay to come.

5. And when we all are landed safe
On that celestial plain,
Our song shall be, Worthy the Lamb,
That was for sinners slain!

6. The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear,
A city bright appears in sight,
We 're sailing round the pier.

126. HYMN. P. M.

THE Sabbath-school 's a place of prayer,
I love to meet my teachers there ;
They teach me there that every one
May find, in heaven, a happy home ;
I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

2. In God's own book we 're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled ;
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man, his soul to save ;
I love to go, I love to go, etc.

3. In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath day ;
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we 'll spend ;
I love to go, I love to go, etc.

4. And when our days on earth are o'er,
We 'll meet in heaven to part no more ;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And oh ! what joy 't will be to meet
In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above, to part no more.

---

127. HYMN. P. M.

I 'LL awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away ;
With my lesson learned, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

2. Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
None are tardy then, when the woods do ring;
Nor will I forget that this is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

3. When the summer sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey, none are tardy then;
So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

128. HYMN. P. M.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed! his people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken,
And all their brave thousands are drowned in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed! his people are free.

2. Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword:
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story,
Of those who went forth in the hour of their pride,
The Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And chariots and horsemen are dash'd in the tide.
Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.

129. HYMN. L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2. It tells me of a place of rest,—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me.'

4. Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to Me."

5. O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

---

130. HYMN. P. M.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

---

131. HYMN. C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?

2. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end?

3. Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5. Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

---

132. HYMN. P. M.

HOW precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory,
And came to dwell on earth:
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt, and sin, and shame;
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

2. He came to earth from heaven,
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown;
The heirs of his salvation,
He claim'd them for his own.

3. O, may I love this Saviour,
So good, so kind, so mild;
And may I find his favor,
A young, though sinful child!
And in his blissful heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there.

---

133. HYMN. P. M.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

2. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

3. Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

4. And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

5. So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

134. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the book of God is read;
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head;
How he left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die;
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

2. If I worship God, who gave me
Life, and health, and all things here;
Should not He, who died to save me,
To my soul be very dear?
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Let me not ungrateful be;
Let my words, and my behaviour,
Prove I love and honor thee.

3. Father, let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where he reigns above.
There with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of his name.

---

135. HYMN. P. M.

ROUSE ye at the Saviour's call!
Children rouse ye one and all;
Wake, or soon your souls will fall,
Fall in deep despair.

Woe to him who turns away,
Jesus kindly calls to-day;
Come, O children, while you may,
Raise your souls in prayer.

2. Heard ye not the Saviour cry?
"Turn, O turn, why will you die!"
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom!
Haste, for time is rushing on!
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb.

3. By the Saviour's bleeding love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirits move;
Quick to Jesus fly!
Come, and save your souls from death,
Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath;
Fly! for life's a fleeting breath,
Soon, O soon you'll die.

---

136. HYMN. L. M.

SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2. Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5. Sinner! perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

---

137. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT shall I wish thee, my darling boy?
Shall I wish thee a life of unclouded joy,
That the hours shall pass like a summer's wind,
And leave not a trace of woe behind?
Not this, my child.

2. Shall I wish my boy the noble heir
To mines of gold, and to jewels rare,—
A mighty place in the world's estate,
And a lofty home with the wealthy great?
Not this, my child.

3. Shall I wish for thee an honored name
That shall stand on the golden rolls of fame;
That thy deeds may be echoed along time's shore
Till the echoes of time shall be heard no more?
Not this, my child.

4. But Oh, for my child a humble seat
On Calvary's mount, at Jesus' feet;
And a home at last in the happy plains
Where the glorious Saviour ever reigns:
God grant thee this.

138. HYMN. P. M.

ZION! bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are,
And thy towers majestic stand!
City of our God, now our blest abode
In this free and happy land.

CHORUS.

O Zion, dear Zion, lovely and fair,
Now arise and shine, for thy light has come;
In thy beautiful robes appear.

2. Now the isles of the sea look imploring to thee
For the gospel's joyful sound;
And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands,
For the word which you have found.
O Zion, etc.

3. Let the word go forth to the South and North,
And thy light be seen afar,
Till the East and West with the rays are bless'd
Of the bright and morning Star.
O Zion, etc.

4. Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran,
And all nations join in the song divine,—
Peace on earth, good-will to man.
O Zion, etc.

139. HYMN. P. M.

IN childhood's young and happy hours,
I wander free o'er hill and plain;
I gather bright and fragrant flowers,
And love the sunshine and the rain,
And love the sunshine and the rain.
In ev'ry scene of nature free,
In garden and in forest wild,
I look to God, who blesses me.
And thank him that I am a child,
I look to God, who blesses me,
And thank him that I am, I am a child.

2. I love these childhood's hours, they bring
On ev'ry moment some new joy:
Oh, who can half the rapture sing
That crowns the happy girl and boy?
That crowns the happy girl and boy?
I see in ev'ry thing in life
A beauty on which God hath smiled,
And turn from care, and toil, and strife,
To thank him that I am a child,
And turn from care, and toil, and strife,
To thank him that I am, I am a child.

---

140. HYMN. P. M.

YES, dear Sabbath-school, I love thee,
Here I meet with friends most dear:
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear,
And the teachers
Kindly all my lessons hear.

2. Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford;
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord;
Precious lessons
Here are spoken from his word.

3. Yet my heart is filled with wonder;
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why, neglected, many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
Oh! invite them,
They will love the school so well.

4. I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me,
And to school will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be:
I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

---

141. HYMN. S. M.

THRICE happy is the youth
Who, morning, noon and night,
Reads the blest page of sacred truth,
And makes it his delight.

2. Who loves the house of prayer,
And takes delight in praise;
The Lord to bless him will be near,
With sanctifying grace.

142. HYMN. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

143. HYMN. P. M.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2. Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not:
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3. I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

---

144. HYMN. P. M.

COME, come, come!
Don't delay, haste away,
To the Sabbath-school to-day;
Here to meet, and to greet,
All in friendship sweet.
Come, while yet the dews of morn
Nature all with gems adorn;
Be in time, rain or shine,—
Order is divine.

2. Come, come, come!
Not a tear,—naught of fear
Nor of sorrow is found here;
Faces bright, tempers right,
O, the happy sight!

Health and beauty all around,
And no harsh or jarring sound;
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.
O the happy, happy school!
Joyous, happy Sabbath-school!
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.

3. Come, come, come!
Keep the way, do not stray,
'T is the holy Sabbath day!
Hie along, join the throng,
In their grateful song.
Hither come! who would decline
Bliss so rare, and joys divine?
Pleasures pure, that endure,
All may here secure.
O the happy, happy school!
Joyous, joyous Sabbath-school!
Pleasure pure, that endure,
All may here secure.

---

145. HYMN. P. M.

'T IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2. After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

146. HYMN. P. M.

TO do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

2. I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, etc.

3. And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, etc.

4. But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be;
And I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, etc.

---

147. HYMN. P. M.

POOR and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2. He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3. He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head!

4. Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

---

148. HYMN. P. M.

WELCOME to our festival,
Parents, teachers, children, all:
God has spared us through the year,
And in mercy brings us here.

2. All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestow'd;
Hallow'd be the songs we raise—
Happy songs of grateful praise.

3. God, who dwells beyond the sky,
Turns on us a gracious eye;
Still prolongs our day of grace;
Gives us time to seek his face.

4. But while thus our hearts rejoice,
We must hear his warning voice,—
Seek the way of peace and truth,
In the early days of youth.

149. HYMN. P. M.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heav'n we part no more.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

2. All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heav'n will go,
And sing with saints above.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

3. Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord in prayer,
From every Sunday-school.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

4. Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our Pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

5. O! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne!
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

150. HYMN. P. M.

HOW sweet on the Sabbath to rise with the sun,
And haste to the Sabbath-school!
For there in my place, with my lesson begun,
I love Sabbath-school.
I love, I love, I love school,
I love, I love, I love school,
I love school, I love school,
I love Sabbath-school.

2. Some love with the vain and the wicked to stray,
But I love Sabbath-school;
To profane the Lord's name, on his holy day,
I love Sabbath-school.
I love, I love, etc.

3. For there from the noise of the world shut in,
I love Sabbath-school;
I learn to escape from Satan and sin,
I love Sabbath-school.
I love, I love, etc.

4. In the school I hear of a heaven of peace,
I love Sabbath-school;
A glorious plan of salvation by faith,
I love Sabbath-School,
I love, I love, etc.

5. Then there will I go, where these lessons I've learned,
I love Sabbath-school;
And be prompt in my place when the Sabbath returned,
I love Sabbath-school,
I love, I love, etc.

151. HYMN. L. M.

YOUNG children once were heard to sing
When multitudes there silent were:
Gladly they welcomed Israel's king;
Their loud hosannas filled the air.

2. And David's Son and David's Lord
Their praises heard and well approved;
Still be the Saviour's grace adored,
And be his hallowed name beloved.

3. Blest Saviour, count us not too bold,
If we attempt our songs to raise:
Children in years, like those of old,
We're taught like them to sing thy praise.

4. O make us wise, thy name to know;
Now let us feel thy power and love:
Give grace to serve thee here below,
That we may dwell with thee above.

5. There we will sing hosannas loud,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring;
And join with yonder joyful crowd,
Forever praising Christ our King.

---

152. HYMN. P. M.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing,
While thy praise we humbly sing,
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring.

Yet thy book of love hath taught us
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of him who bought us,
We may call, and thou wilt hear.

2. What a boon to us is given
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants and will supply.
Weak and sinful, oh! how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own.

3. Bless, O Lord! this happy meeting,
While we stay and when we go;
There our hearts in friendly greeting,
Gladly join the praise below.
But all earthly unions sever—
All their pleasures quickly fly:
Oh! for grace to praise thee ever
In that better world on high.

---

153. HYMN. P. M.

MAY I love thee and adore thee,
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb;
Teach my heart to bow before thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame.

2. Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high;
Teach me, O thou great Creator!
How to live, and how to die!

154. HYMN. P. M.

WE meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise;
'Twas his kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

2. We'll thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book that we love best —
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3. We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod —
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4. Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.

Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

---

155. HYMN. P. M.

ALL hail the joyful morning!
'T is Freedom's natal day!
What glories blend, adorning,
With heaven's benignant ray,
Our free and prosperous nation,
The land the pilgrims trod,
Abounding with salvation,
And every gift of God!

2. Religion's gracious blessing
Is Freedom's gift for youth,
And we, that boon possessing,
Are taught this precious truth,
That Christ, a Saviour given,
Took children to his arms,
And calls them now to heaven,
To bless them with his charms.

3. Then let the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
While hill and valley ringing,
Shall echo to the song.
We thank the blessed Saviour,
By whom to us is given
This blessed institution,
To lead our souls to heaven.

156. HYMN. C. M.

SWEET Sabbath-school, place dear to me
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2. Within thy courts of Him I 've heard
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds fill'd with fear,
The star of glory hung.

3. O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

4. When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

---

157. HYMN. L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound:
And, lured by earthly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:

2. In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which have devoted them to thee.

6. Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be :
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From whence none ever wake to weep.

---

158. HYMN. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels, in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays !

6. O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;—
Lord, teach us how to pray !

159. HYMN. P. M.

THE day is bright, the sky is clear;
Away to Sabbath-school;
Let each one in the class appear;
Away to Sabbath-school!
'Tis there we learn his holy word,
And find the road that leads to God.
Away, away, away, away,
Away to Sabbath-school.

2. In season let us all be there,
Away to Sabbath-school;
That we may join the opening prayer,
Away to Sabbath-school.
There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
And praise the Lord for blessings giv'n.
Away, away, away, etc.

3. Let us remember while at prayer,
When at the Sabbath-school,
Our teachers' kindness and their care,
Toward our Sabbath-school.
We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
And every rule and order mind.
Away, away, away, etc.

---

160. HYMN. L. M.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2. Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3. They see the Saviour face to face:
They sing the triumphs of his grace;
And day and night with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4. O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod!
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

---

161. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT song is this, from heaven resounding?
God is love, God is love!
And now from earth I hear rebounding,
God is love, God is love!
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love, God is love.

2. This song repeat, ye saints in glory:
God is love, God is love,
While we shout back the pleasing story,
God is love, God is love.
In this let heaven and earth agree,
And sing his love both full and free;
And let the theme forever be,
God is love, God is love.

162. HYMN. S. M.

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found,
In all our youthful palaces
Prosperity abound.

2. God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

---

163. HYMN. P. M.

LIKE mists on the mount,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our short lives flee.

2. In the grave of our sires,
How soon we shall lie;
Dear children, to-day
To a Saviour fly.

3. How sweet are the flowers
In April and May!
But oft the frost makes
Them wither away.

4. Like flowers you may fade—
Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room,"
To a Saviour fly.

164. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a band of pilgrims
That walk the narrow road;
I do believe they 'll conquer
And wear the snow white robe.

CHORUS.

When they lay down the cross,
They 'll take up the crown;
For they follow the Saviour
All the way long.

2. And when they meet with troubles,
Or tremble on the way,
They cast their care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
When they lay down the cross, etc.

3. We too have joined the number
That walk the narrow way;
We hope to gain fair Canaan
And dwell in endless day.
When we lay down the cross, etc.

4. I want to see my kindred
In that bright world above;
I want to live with Jesus,
And shout redeeming love.
When we lay down the cross, etc.

5. And when we reach the city,
We 'll shout our suffering o'er;
We 'll settle in our mansion,
And live forever more.
When we lay down the cross, etc.

165. HYMN. P. M.

Infant Class.

VERY little ones are we,
O how mild we all should be;
Never quarrel, never fight,
This would be a shocking sight,
And would break a happy rule
Of our much loved Infant-school.

2. Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams,
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play,
And attend to every rule
Of our much loved Infant-school.

3. In the winter, when 't is mild,
We may run, but not be wild;
But in summer, we must walk,
And improve the time by talk;
Thus we may come, nice and cool,
To our much loved Infant-school.

---

166. HYMN. P. M.

IN the cross of Jesus glory,
While our youth is in its prime;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round the theme sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake you,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake you;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the Sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon your way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4. Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

---

167. HYMN. C. M.

THEY tell me that beyond the seas,
In distant heathen lands,
The people worship idol gods,
The work of human hands.

2. They never heard of Jesus Christ,
And all his dying love;
They fear not hell below, nor care
For joys of heaven above.

3. Oh, what a wretched state is theirs!
How sad no tongue can say!
But am I wiser, let me ask.
Or better off than they?

4. What good can come of all I know
Of God's most holy word,
Unless my heart be changed and brought
To know and love the Lord!

5. If I delight in earthly things,
Instead of God alone,
I worship idols just as they
Who bow to wood and stone.

168. HYMN. P. M.

THE gospel ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who would set out for glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor

CHORUS.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful ports of glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

2. Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this earthly shore;
Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more

3. Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace;
Carrying ev'ry faithful trav'ler
To his glorious landing place!

4. Her sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from every tongue.

5. Come, poor sinner, get converted,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
And with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

169. HYMN. P. M.

HOW pleasant is the Sabbath-school;
With joy we enter there;
Where little children learn to sing
The hymns of praise and prayer.

CHORUS.

Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me;
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2. These sacred songs remind us of
The days when we were young;
When we, like them, at Sabbath-school,
The praise of Jesus sung.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

3. O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

4. We'll ever love the Sabbath-school,
Its toil we'll freely share;
That God will give it great increase,
Shall be our latest prayer.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

5. And when our labors here shall end,
We hope, in nobler strains,
To sing again our Sabbath songs
Where endless Sabbath reigns.
Sweet Sabbath-school, etc.

170. HYMN. C. M. OR L. M.

WE 'RE going on board the gospel train—
We 're on our journey home;
We soon shall meet our friends again—
We 're on our journey home.
We 're on our journey home,
We 're on our journey home;
We soon shall greet our kindred there—
We 're on our journey home.

2. Repentance is the station then—
We 're on our journey home;
Where passengers are taken in—
We 're on our journey home.

3. Come then poor sinner, now 's the time—
We 're on our journey home;
At any station on the line—
We 're on our journey home.

4. If you 'll repent and turn from sin—
We 're on our journey home;
The train will stop and take you in—
We 're on our journey home.

5. There is no danger on the way—
We 're on our journey home;
'Tis safe to run by night and day—
We 're on our journey home.

6. There is no fare required of you—
We 're on our journey home;
For Christ has paid your passage through—
We 're on our journey home.

171. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a Friend we ought to love,
More than all friends beside;
His name is Jesus, and his love
Forever shall abide.
Come, children, then, for now he lives,
And praise from little ones receives;
With lip and life we'll praise his name,
And not forget his laws again.
What—not forget again?
No—not forget again!

2. There is a word we ought to prize,
More than all words beside;
It tells how Jesus from the skies.
Came down, and wept, and died.
Come, children, then, for now he lives;
Sinners from every land receives;
Oh! let us spread the tidings round,
And publish wide the joyful sound.
What—spread the joyful sound?
Yes—spread the joyful sound!

3. There is a loss we ought to fear
More than all loss beside;
Our souls—than life itself more dear,
Those souls for which Christ died.
Come, children, then, say Jesus lives,
To Jew and Gentile life he gives,
And if in him they now believe,
Their souls shall endless life receive.
What—endless life receive?
Yes—endless life receive!

4. There is a land we ought to love
More than all lands beside;
The land of glory, light, and love,
Where all the saints abide.
Come, children, for this land prepare,
Tribes of all nations shall be there;
Oh! then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What—never part again?
No—never part again!

---

172. HYMN. L. M.

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

2. His name is God! he gave me birth;
And every living thing on earth,
And every tree and plant that grows
To the same hand its being owes.

3. 'T is he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides;
And when I close my slumb'ring eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4. Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above;
For very kind indeed is he
To love a little child like me.

173. HYMN. P. M.

COME, join our celebration
With hallow'd songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion
Your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers now are here,
In purpose all united
Our youthful hearts to cheer.

2. Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind Guardian of our race,
For all the favors given
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed;
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.
Come, join, etc.

3. Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who 're watching o'er us
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.
Come, join, etc.

4. May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;

And may his love constraining
Our youthful spirits bow,
And grace forever reigning
Our inmost souls endow.
Come, join, etc.

---

174. HYMN. P. M.

WE gather, we gather,
Dear Jesus, to bring,
The breathings of love,
'Mid the blossoms of spring.
Our Maker! Redeemer!
We gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices,
In singing thy praise.

2. When stooping to earth
From the brightness of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom
So freely was given;
Thou deignedst to listen
While children adored,
With joyful hosannas
The bless'd of the Lord.

3. Those arms which embraced
Little children of old,
Still love to encircle
The lambs of the fold.
The grace which invited
The wanderer home
Hath never forbidden
The youngest to come.

4. Hosannah! hosannah!
Great Teacher! we raise
Our hearts and our voices
In hymning thy praise,
For precept and promise
So graciously given;
For blessings of earth
And the glories of heaven.

---

175. HYMN. L. M.

A CHILDREN'S temple here we build,
And consecrate it, Lord, to thee,
In hope that with thy presence filled
These humble walls henceforth may be.

2. When Christ, thy holy child, was born,
He had not where to lay his head:
Though King of kings, he did not scorn
The meanness of a manger-bed.

3. And is he not to-day the same?
And deigns he not to visit there
Where two or three, in his great name,
Are met for worship, praise, and prayer?

4. Ah! yes, where simple souls are taught
To know and do his Father's will,
Or infants to his arms are brought,
He welcomes all, and blesses still.

5. Come, Holy Ghost, while we draw nigh;
Such life and power to us afford,
That each may Abba, Father cry
And young and old call Jesus LORD.

176. HYMN. L. M.

I WOULD a youthful pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thine everlasting throne.

2. I would my heart to thee resign;
O come and make it wholly thine!
Set up in thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And cast out every thought of sin.

3. Be it my chief desire to prove
How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
And meekly bear it for thy sake.

4. Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I can serve thee here no more,
Within thy temple, God of love,
I 'll serve thee day and night above.

---

177. HYMN. P. M.

ONCE again, with animation,
In this pleasing month of May,
We repeat our celebration,
And enjoy the festive day;
Notes of praise, notes of praise,
Notes of praise to heaven we raise.

2. Parents, teachers, friends and neighbors
Met with us this welcome hour;
Thanks for all your cares and labors,
In our grateful songs we pour,
Notes of praise, etc.

3. And let gratitude awaken,
To the God who rules above;
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Notes of praise, etc.

4. We—so full of sin and folly,
Oft forget and disbelieve;
He—so excellent, so holy,
Still is waiting to forgive.
Notes of praise, etc.

5. To his arms we 're yet invited;
'T is the Saviour bids us come;
Let us then, with hearts united,
Seek through him a heavenly home.
Notes of praise, etc.

178. HYMN. P. M.

TEACHERS.

COME, ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come, and worship now before him,
He hath called you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all-abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2. On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness—
All with happiness replete.

Oh, to feel the love of Jesus!
Oh, to know that from above
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

3. Dearest children, now adore him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4. Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at the throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5. Praise to thee, O Lord, forever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
Blessed Lord of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story:
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er;
All his grace and all his glory
Oh proclaim for evermore!

179. HYMN. C. M.

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How base am I, and how defiled
By the vile work of sin!

2. O change this stubborn heart of mine,
And make me pure within;
Still manifest thy love divine,
And save me from all sin.

3. Stubborn, untractable, and wild
By nature is my heart;
O Lord to me, a patient, mild,
And holy mind impart.

4. Then shall I make redeeming love
My daily, hourly song;
And joys like theirs who sing above
Shall tune an infant's tongue.

---

180. HYMN. C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2. 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3. Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!

That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

4. Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

---

181. HYMN. P. M.

OH send forth the Bible, more precious than gold!
Let no one presume the best gift to withhold:
It speaks to all nations in language so plain,
That he who will read it, true wisdom may gain.

2. It points us to heaven, where the righteous will go;
It warns us to shun the dark regions of wo;
It shows us the evil and dangers of sin,
And opens a fountain for cleansing within.

3. It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross and arose from the grave;
Who dwelleth on high, in that holy abode,
Interceding for man with a pardoning God.

4. It tells us that all will awake from the tomb;
Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to come:
It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared,
The hope of believers—their glorious award.

5. Oh, who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us from danger, invites us to bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible earth's regions around,
Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found.

182. HYMN. S. M.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2. Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4. But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

---

183. HYMN. P. M.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout, Hosanna,
Reëcho'd through the world,
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till ev'ry tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2. What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?

His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious—
Thy empire shall increase.

3. Yes—thou shalt reign forever:
O, Jesus, King of kings,
Thy light, thy love, thy favor
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

---

184. HYMN. S. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2. Remember thy Creator now;
Seek him while he is near:
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3. Remember thy Creator now—
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4. Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;

Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

---

185. HYMN. S. M.

O WHAT a lovely sight,
To see our tender youth
Follow the Saviour with delight,
And tread the paths of truth!

2. They who begin so soon,
With swifter speed shall run;
More bright and sweet shall be their noon,
More fair their evening sun.

3. When we can work no more,
They shall the cause extend,
Till every knee, from shore to shore,
At Jesus' name shall bend.

---

186. HYMN. P. M.

THIS life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light,
Its brightest sunbeams pass away
And soon give place to night.
Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth the morning gay;
Manhood's the noon, so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray.

2. But life eternal, who can tell
How long it shall endure?
The righteous shall forever dwell
In mansions bright and pure.

The hours of childhood and of youth,
Of manhood and of age,
Should in the love of sacred truth
The inmost soul engage.

3. This life was given to prepare
For that which is to come;
Oh may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home!
And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?

---

187. HYMN. P. M.

MORN amid the mountains—
Lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur, God is good.

2. Now the glad sun breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, God is good.

3. Round yon pine-clad mountain,
Flows a golden flood;
Hear the sparkling fountain
Whisper, God is good.

4. See the streamlet bounding
Through the vale and wood;
Hear its ripples sounding,
Tell that God is good.

188. HYMN. P. M.

WILL you go, sinner go,
To the high-lands of heaven ?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given ;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting ;
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2. Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright
Shall inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. Christ has made thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it ?
And invites thee to come,
Come, O come and receive it—
Will you come, sinner, come ?
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.

Will you come, sinner, come?
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

189. HYMN. P. M.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er you mountain's height
See the glory beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

190. HYMN. P. M.

ON Sabbath morning, O how pleasant
To come to Sabbath-School,
Where every child is present,
And every seat is full.

2. For there we meet each gentle teacher
Without a frown or rod,
And sometimes, too, our dear kind preacher,
Who speaks to us of God.

3. But, best of all, the lowly Saviour
Is where his children meet,
And show, by quiet, meek behavior,
They 're sitting at his feet.

4. How sweet, when all are lowly bending,
To ask his blessing there ;
Or when in praise our voices blending,
Thank Him, who hears the prayer !

5. The blessed Bible then engages
Each youthful heart and eye,
To learn of God's own holy pages
The wisdom from on high.

6. And surely, He who feeds the flowers
With heaven's own morning dew,
Will send on our young hearts the showers
Of heavenly blessing too.

7. Then let us gladly gather round Him,
And love Him while we may,
For they who seek have always found Him,
E'en in their early day.

8. And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,
We all may meet above,
Where He for us hath now ascended,
Our Father's house of love.

191. HYMN. P. M.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn,
Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice;
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake
He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed:
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ:
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

192. HYMN. P. M.

I had a faithful mother;
How oft in childhood's years,
She soothed my little troubles,
And kissed away my tears.

2. With every wish I hastened
Instinctive to her side,
Nor dream'd that I could lose her,
My constant, faithful guide.

3. I had a praying mother,
She led me to the shrine,
Whence drawing heavenly wisdom,
She taught me things divine.

4. Her lamp was trimm'd and burning,
Illuming all the way,
That leads thro' death's dark valley,
Up to eternal day.

5. I've now an angel mother,
For she hath left this land,
And found a better country,
A home at God's right hand.

6. Could she now see my sorrow,
I know she'd pity me;
God help me to subdue it,
Lest she my sin might see.

7. O, had I still a mother,
I'd be more mild and meek;
I'd speak in kindly accents,
As she was wont to speak.

8. But these are vain resolvings—
I'll try to prove more true
To those whom God hath spared me,
Ere they are angels too.

193. HYMN. L. M.

COME all who would to glory go.
And leave this world of sin and woe,
Forsake your sins without delay,
Believe, and you shall gain the day.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

2. O do not tarry longer here,
You 'll surely die in dark despair;
There is a straight and narrow way,
In which you 're sure to win the day.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

3. And if your conflicts be severe,
And you have many trials here;
You only need to watch and pray,
Press on, and you shall gain the day.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

---

194. HYMN. P. M.

HOME! home! can I forget thee,
Dear, dear, dearly loved home?
No! no! still I will love thee,
Though I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.

2. Friends, friends, Oh how we love you,
Dear, dear, in our dear home;
Soon, soon, high up in heaven,
There we shall all meet at home.
Home, home, home, home,
Our happy and heavenly home.

195 HYMN. P. M.

OH, 't is in this land of the Bible we love,
Which so proudly we hail in the gospel light gleaming,
Whose radiance, reflecting pure light from above,
O'er the land of the heathen in brilliance is streaming;
In strength do we meet,—in might do we come,
The youth of your country, the pride of your home;
And long may the Sabbath school banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

2. We gather in strength, and in numbers appear,
Rich and poor meet alike your lov'd banner surrounding;
What a garden for culture,—what tendrils to rear?
What a field for your labors,—the harvest abounding!
In strength do we meet, etc.

3. O guide us in truth, and the future will smile,
Be your precepts in love, and we gladly receive them;
No infidel tale will our reason beguile,
But the words of the Bible our young hearts believe them.
In strength do we meet, etc.

4. And in love we will think of the heathen afar,
And forget not to weep o'er his mind's desolation:
The mission of mercy shall beam as a star,
And shall gild with its brilliance each far-distant nation.
In strength do we meet, etc.

5. And our own land of freedom, be it ever the same;
Future ages shall read and rejoice in our story;
Our Sunday school system shall gain us a name,
And religion shall wreathe our young brows with its glory.
Then the cause that we love, O triumph it must;
With the brave be our motto, In God is our trust;
And long shall the Sabbath school banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

---

196. HYMN. P. M.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish!
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal!

2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

3. Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

197. HYMN. P. M.

WELCOME friends, whose cheering presence,
Fills our hearts with joy to-day;
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers,
Join us while to Him we pray:
Him who came one blessed morning,
Many hundred years ago,
When the sun was just adorning
Judah's hills where cedars grow.

CHORUS.

Welcome friends, whose cheering presence,
Fills our hearts with joy to-day;
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers,
Join us while to Him we pray.

2. Came He, thus, when man was sleeping,
In the gloom of endless night,
Still our steps His guiding keeping,
In life's dim, uncertain light.
He our Maker, helper, Father,—
Keeps us still in tenderness;
His the love that lets us gather
Here His holy name to bless.

3. This the day when first He brought us,
Hope of better things to come;
Trained our steps and kindly taught us
Of the way that leadeth home.
Welcome, then, dear friends, and greeting,
Blessings crown you from above;
But to Him who caused our meeting
Prayer, and praise, and boundless love.

198. HYMN. P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons we obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

---

199. HYMN. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

200. HYMN. P. M.

I 'M a lonely traveler here, weary, oppressed,
But my journey's end is near, soon I shall rest
Dark and dreary is the way, toiling I 've come,
Ask me not with you to stay, yonder 's my home.

2. I 'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,
For my journey's end is near, I must be gone;
Brighter joys than earth can give win me away,
Pleasures that forever live, I cannot stay.

3. I 'm a traveler to a land where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band, saints all are there,
Where no tear shall ever fall, nor heart be sad,
Where the glory is for all, and all are glad.

4. I 'm a traveler, and I go where all is fair—
Farewell, all I 've loved below, I must be there;
Worldly honors, hope and gain, all, I resign—
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain, if heaven be mine.

5. I 'm a traveler, call me not, upward 's my way,
Yonder is my rest and lot, I cannot stay;
Farewell, earthly pleasures all, pilgrim I roam;
Hail me not, in vain you call, yonder 's my home.

201. HYMN. P. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
We 'll be gathered home,
No pain nor death can enter there;
We 'll be gathered home,
Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
We 'll be gathered home,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
We 'll be gathered home.

CHORUS.

We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
Then we 'll be gathered home.

2. My Father's home is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3. While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5. Then, fail this earth, and stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink and cease to be—
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

202. HYMN. P. M.

THE Christian pilgrim sings,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home,
The Christian pilgrim sings,
Heaven 's my home.
Through the telescope of faith
He looks o 'er the river death,
And exultingly exclaims,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

2. Though poverty 's my lot,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home;
Though poverty 's my lot,
Heaven 's my home.
Though poverty 's my lot,
Though the fig-tree blossom not,
I can sing the song of hope,—
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

3. Though the world may me disown,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home;
Though the world may me disown,
Heaven 's my home.
Though the world may me disown,
And I 'm little and unknown,
I 'm an heir to yonder throne,—
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

4. Through the dark and cloudy day
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home:
Through the dark and cloudy day
Heaven 's my home.
Through the dark and cloudy day
On Jehovah 's arm I 'll stay,
And pursue my happy way;
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

5. O that every soul could say,
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home;
O that every soul could say,
Heaven 's my home.
O that every soul could say,
If I die this blessed day,
I should rise and soar away;
Heaven 's my home, heaven 's my home.

203. HYMN. P. M.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that sun-
bright clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2. A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

3. Millions of forms all cloth'd in light,
In garments of beauty, clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4. Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl'd
O'er jaspar walls and gates of pearl,
That are fix'd in that sun-light clime.

5. But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where, 'mid ev'ry thing that's fair, is given
The home of the just—and its name is Heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

204. HYMN. P. M.

GUIDE me, O, thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current:
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

---

205. HYMN. P. M.

I'M but a stranger here—heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear—heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand 'round me on every hand,
Heaven is my father-land—heaven is my home.

2. What tho' the tempest rage—heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage—heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last—heaven is my home.

3. There at my Saviour's side, heaven is my home ;
I shall be glorified—heaven is my home. [best,
There are the good and blest, those I lov'd most and
There, too, I soon shall rest—heaven is my home.

4. Therefore I murmur not—heaven is my home ;
Whate'er my earthly lot—heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand safe at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my father-land—heaven is my home.

206. HYMN. P. M.

MY rest is in heaven—my home is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear ?
Be hushed, my sad spirit,—the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

2. A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this ;
I look for a mansion which hands have not piled ;
I long for a city by sin undefiled.

3. Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more swee' at the close ;
Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall
One moment in heaven makes up for them all.

4. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not repose me on roses below ;
I ask not my portion—I seek not my rest,
Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.

5. No scrip for my journey—no staff in my hand,
A pilgrim impatient, I press to that land ;
The path may be rugged, it cannot be long—
With hope I'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.

207. HYMN. C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2. Lo, such a child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose heart, with holy influence,
Is upward drawn to God!

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

208. HYMN. P. M.

WHAT seraph-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charmed melody?
'T is the song of the angels, borne soft on the air;
'T is for me they are singing, my welcome I hear.

2. At Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,
And stretch forth my hands to yon beautiful land;
Send a convoy of angels, dear Saviour, I pray!
Let me join their sweet music: away, O, away!

209. HYMN. P. M.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain;

'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the waves commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.

3. Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, save me!
Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, Glory, glory!

4. O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart will linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

210. HYMN. P. M.

WE are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide,
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2. Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore,
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

3. Come on board and "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

4. You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore,
By-and-by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

5. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes,
Gently waft our vessel on ;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

6. When we all are safely anchored,
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing forever more.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

211. HYMN. P. M.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

2. Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here I am griev'd while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest—I am blest;
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame:
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

3. Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
Yet I am blest—I am blest:
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been call'd to receive their reward
There, there is rest—there is rest.

4. This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here I must bear from the world all its hate.
Yet I am blest—I am blest:
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

212. MYMN. P. M.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father:
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and wing'd by pray'r;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

213. HYMN. P. M.

I 'M a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
Where living waters are ever flowing.

CHORUS.

I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2. There the glory is ever shining,
O ! my longing heart, my longing heart is there !
Here in this vain world, so lone and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

3. There 's the city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There 's no more sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

4. Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you;
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone;
For this your portion, your hearts' desire,
Why will you perish in endless fire ?

5. Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go;
If this your vain hope you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger, and with you perish ?

6. Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty thou shalt be array'd;
For he who formed thee, shall soon restore thee,
From sin and darkness to praise and glory.

214. HYMN. P. M.

HERE we throng to praise the Lord,
Listen now, listen now;
Here we throng to praise the Lord,
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned our blest Redeemer,
With a father's love has said,
He 'd accept our praise.

2. "Let young children come to me,"
Jesus said, Jesus said;
"Let young children come to me,
"And forbid them not.
"For of such," the Saviour told them,—
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
What a rapturous thought it is,
Christ forgets us not.

3. Let us love and now adore;
Love him now, love him now;
Let us love and now adore,
In our youthful strength.
Let us never grieve our Saviour,
Who has died to win us favor;
Ah! this thought should melt our hearts,—
Children's hearts can melt.

4. But we 'll have a joyous song,
Joyous song, joyous song;
But we 'll have a joyous song,
For our jubilee.

Jesus lives and reigns for ever ;
This will make us joyous ever :
Saviour, hear this praise to thee,
Who remembers me.

---

215. HYMN. P. M.

WHEN torn is the bosom by trouble and care,
Be it ever so simple, there is nothing like prayer.
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, Oh, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there 's nothing like prayer.

2. When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms ;
We listen, love, loiter, and are caught in the snare,—
Till, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

3. When called from the friends we hold dearest to part,
Yet fond recollections still cling to the heart ;
Past scenes and past converse, past pleasures are there,
How hurtfully pleasing till conquered by prayer.

4. While we 're strangers to prayer we are strangers to bliss.
Heaven pours its reach streams through no channel but this.
And till we the seraphim's ecstacy share,
Our portion of bliss must be guarded by prayer.

216. HYMN. P. M.

THE moment of parting arrives—we are sad,
Whose bosoms so lately were joyous and glad;
For "when shall we meet again?" comes with a sigh,
That stirs the deep feelings while saying good-bye—
That stirs the deep feelings while saying good-bye—
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

2. We tremble to think how frail is man's breath,
We sigh as we dream of the coming of death—
Even now may the angel be lingering nigh;
Be ready, be ready to utter good-bye—
Good-bye, etc.

3. The bud and the blossom of spring pass away—
The flowers of summer bloom, fade and decay;
E'en autumn fruits perish, and winter must die;
So we, with all nature, must echo good-bye—
Good-bye, etc.

4. Dear children, be prayerful, obedient and true,
Love Jesus, trust in him and serve him anew:
If some shall have died ere we meet by-and-bye—
Let's meet them in heaven, dear children, good-bye—
Good-bye, etc.

5. Oh, may we depart, when the hour draws near,
As softly as nature's sweet charms disappear,
And may kindest angels be ready to fly
Home, home, with each spirit that whispers good-bye—
Good-bye, etc.

6. Then, then, in a region of glory we 'll stray,
Unmoved by a sorrow, untouched by decay,
And never more listen, or trembling, reply
To language so sad as this fervent good-bye—
Good-bye, etc.

---

217. HYMN. P. M.

WE love our dear Concert—we love it,
Where monthly we joyfully meet,
To listen to lessons of wisdom,
And kindly each Sabbath-school greet;
To raise in sweet concert our voices
In praise to our heavenly King,
Who loves, with a lingering fondness,
Good children, when sweetly they sing.

2. We love our dear Concert—we love it,
For here our instructors we meet,
Who teach us in prayer and contrition,
To bow at Emanuel's feet;
Who tell us of Jesus, whose angels
In glory we all hope to be,—
Of Jesus, who said when he blessed them—
"Let little ones come unto me."

3. We love our dear Concert—we love it,
But soon we must bid it adieu,
And mingle our prayers and our praises,
With others, in parts that are new;
O God, in thy mercy protect us,
As on through life's journey we roam,
To the Concert of Heaven, Oh bring us,
And crown us, dear Saviour, thine own.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

2. L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given—
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

3. P. M.

May the grace of Christ, the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor
Rest upon us from above.

4. C. P. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

5. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

6. P. M. 7s.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

7. P. M.

Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

8. P. M.

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We 'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

9. C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

10. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX,

GIVING THE FIRST LINE OF EACH HYMN.

A children's temple here we build..... 143
All hail! happy day..... 73
All hail the joyful morning!..... 127
America, I love thee still!..... 70
A mourning class, a vacant seat..... 38
Around the throne of God in Heav'n..... 52
Assembled in our school once more..... 14
A year, another year, is fled..... 38
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 169
Children of Jerusalem..... 41
Come, all who would to glory go..... 158
Come, come, come!..... 118
Come, join our celebration..... 141
Come, let us all awake..... 101
Come, let us sing of Jesus..... 84
Come, my Christian brethren, come..... 32
Come, ye children, and adore him..... 145
Come, ye disconsolate, where 'er ye languish.... 160
Come, ye children, and adore him.....145
Daniel's wisdom may I know..... 7
Dear Father, ere we part..... 78
Dear partner of our hopes and fears..... 59
Dear Saviour, if these lambs shall stray..... 128
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord..... 162
Doxologies..... 180
Farewell, farewell to all below..... 76

"Feed my lambs"— how condescending..... 72
Firmly, children, firmly stand 14
Friend after friend departs..... 107
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 16
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild..... 118
Go to thy rest, my child..... 36
Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah,..... 167
Hail, ransomed world, awake to glory..... 13
Happy the child whose tender years..... 55
Happy the children who are gone..... 60
Happy the spirit released from its clay..... 28
Hark, how the angels sing..... 94
Hark, my mother's voice I hear..... 74
Hark, the bells of holy Sabbath..... 90
Hark, the Sabbath bells are ringing..... 74
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime..... 166
Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing..... 124
Here we suffer grief and pain..... 122
Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam..... 173
Here we throng to praise the Lord..... 176
Holy and bright is the soften'd light..... 86
Holy Bible ! book divine.....20 and 56
Home, home, can I forget thee..... 158
How beauteous are their feet..... 77
How cheering the thought that the spirit in bliss.. 30
How pleasant is the Sabbath-school..... 137
How pleasant thus to dwell below 82
How precious is the book divine..... 51
How precious is the story..... 109
How shall the young secure their hearts..... 147
How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest.. 57
How sweet is the Sabbath to me..... 98
How sweet on the Sabbath to rise with the sun.. 123
How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me.. 47
I had a faithful mother..... 156

I have a father in the promised land..... 6
I hear thee speak of a better land..... 10
I lay my sins on Jesus..... 17
I love the Sabbath-school—the place..... 15
I love to have the Sabbath come..... 65
I 'll awake at dawn on a Sabbath day..... 105
I 'm with you once again, my friends..... 66
I 'm a pilgrim and I 'm a stranger..... 175
I 'm a lonely traveller here, weary, oppressed.... 163
I 'm but a stranger here—heaven is my home.... 167
I think when I read that sweet story of old..... 80
I want to be an angel..... 102
I want to be like Jesus..... 91
I was a wandering sheep..... 95
I will never, never leave thee..... 31
I would a youthful pilgrim be..... 144
In childhood's young and happy hours..... 115
In the cross of Jesus glory..... 134
In the rosy light of the morning bright..... 87
Jerusalem ! my happy home..... 108
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 174
Jesus ! thy love shall we forget..... 49
Joy to the world—the Lord is come..... 100
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move..... 53
Let children to their God draw near..... 62
Like mists on the mount..... 132
Little drops of water..... 110
Little trav'lers, Zionward..... 23
Lo ! round the throne a glorious band..... 130
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..... 162
Lord, teach a little child to pray..... 81
Mary to the Saviour's tomb..... 156
May I love thee and adore thee..... 125
May this a happy new-year be..... 58
Morn amid the mountains..... 152

My Bible leads to glory..... 4
My country, 'tis of thee..... 9
My father's growing old, his eye..... 29
My heavenly home is bright and fair..... 163
My rest is in heaven—my home is not here..... 168
My son, know thou the Lord..... 149
Now be the Gospel banner..... 149
Now, children, to God's house repair..... 33
Now is done the time of teaching..... 34
O come let us sing!..... 25
O for a thousand tongues, to sing..... 45
O happy day that fix'd my choice..... 44
O happy land! O, happy land!..... 55
O how happy are they..... 58
O Lord, forgive a sinful child..... 147
O say can you see by the dawn's early light?..... 67
O what a lovely sight..... 151
Oh, boatman, row me o'er the stream..... 92
Oh! do not be discouraged..... 5
Oh, send forth the Bible, more precious than gold!. 148
Oh, 'tis in this land of the Bible we love..... 159
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand..... 117
On Sabbath morning, O how pleasant..... 154
Once again with animation..... 144
Once was heard the song of children..... 27
One there is above all others..... 88
Our compass is the sacred word..... 104
Poor and needy though I be..... 120
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... 129
Preserved by thine Almighty Power..... 40
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming..... 83
Remember thy Creator now..... 150
Rouse ye at the Saviour's call!..... 111
Safely through another week..... 61
Say, my brother, will you meet me..... 50
Say, sinner! hath a voice within..... 112

Silent night! hallowed night..... 12
Sing, O sing the song of gladness..... 8
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely..... 72
Softly now the light of day..... 71
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.... 106
Speak gently; it is better far..... 43
Star of peace, to wanderers weary..... 20
Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me..... 128
Sweetly the Sabbath bell..... 99
Take my heart, O Father, take it..... 90
The Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold.. 54
The bright flag of America..... 69
The Christian pilgrim sings..... 164
The day is bright, the sky is clear..... 130
The drunkard wastes away his strength..... 63
The gospel ship has long been sailing..... 136
The last lovely morning..... 18
The light of Sabbath eve..... 99
The morning hours of cheerful light..... 65
The Sabbath is the day of rest..... 39
The Sabbath-school's a place of prayer..... 105
The sun that lights the world shall fade..... 76
The Sunday-school, how dear to me!..... 75
The Sunday-school! the Sunday-school!..... 25
The wondrous love of Jesus..... 89
There is a band of pilgrims..... 133
There is a Friend we ought to love..... 139
There is a glorious world of light..... 81
There is a happy land, far, far away..... 28
There is an hour when I must die..... 35
There is a spot to me more dear..... 169
The moment of parting arrives—we are sad..... 178
They tell me that beyond the seas..... 135
This Book is all that's left me now..... 21
This life is but a summer's day..... 151
Time is winging us away..... 88

'Tis religion that can give..... 119
Thrice happy is the youth..... 116
To-day—if ye will hear his voice..... 42
To do to others as I would 120
To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school..... 37
To Thee, O blessed Saviour..... 24
Together let us sweetly live..... 79
Very little ones are we..... 134
Watchman, tell us of the night.....154
We are but young—yet we may sing..... 40
We are out on the ocean sailing..... 171
We gather, we gather..... 142
We have no home but heaven..... 97
We lay thee in the silent tomb..... 103
We lift to heaven our tearful eyes..... 35
We live as pilgrims and strangers below..... 22
We love our dear Concert—we love it..... 179
We meet again in gladness..... 126
We speak, we speak of the realms of the blest... 54
We won't give up the Bible..... 18
We'll not forget the Sunday-school..... 61
We're going on board the gospel train..... 138
We're marching to the promised land..... 85
We've bid the vain pleasures of earth now adieu.. 96
Welcome friends, whose cheering presence..... 161
Welcome to our festival..... 121
What a strange and wondrous story..... 111
What is't to keep thanksgiving day..... 68
What shall I wish thee, my darling boy..... 113
What seraph-like music steals over the sea..... 169
What song is this from heaven resounding..... 131
When I look up to yonder sky..... 140
When I sleep, and when I wake..... 46
When I was young, of tender years..... 11
When Jesus makes my heart his home..... 11

When the morning light drives away the night... 3
When thou shalt make thy jewels up..... 57
When to thee, who hast thy dwelling..... 32
When torn is the bosom by trouble and care..... 177
Where, O! where are the Hebrew children..... 78
While wandering to and fro..... 48
Who shall sing, if not the children..... 70
Will you go, sinner go..... 153
With joy again, kind friends, we meet you..... 51
With tearful eyes I look around..... 107
Within these walls be peace..... 132
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb..... 64
Young children once were heard to sing..... 124
Yes, dear Sabbath-school, I love thee..... 115
Zion bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are..... 114

UNION SABBATH-SCHOOL

CHORISTER,

BEING A

COLLECTION OF SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS,

SELECTED FROM THE

UNION HARP AND REVIVAL CHORISTER.

ARRANGED BY

THE PUBLISHER.

CINCINNATI:
H. M. RULISON, QUEEN CITY PUBLISHING HOUSE,
141 MAIN STREET.
1859.

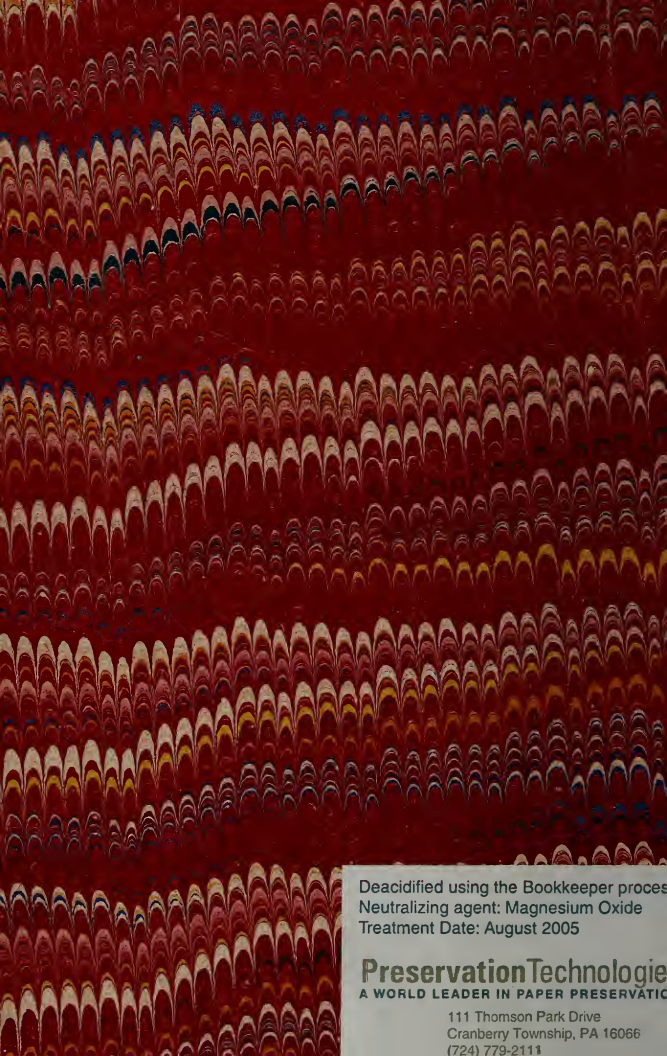
Agents wanted to travel through all parts of the United States and Canadas, to introduce and make sale of the following Books to Sabbath-schools, Churches, and individuals, both at wholesale and retail. Persons who are adapted to the business, and are persevering and economical, can clear from $25 to $150 per month, over and above all expenses—viz :

Union Harp and Revival Chorister, being a collection of Hymns and Tunes, designed more especially for the social means of grace, and for Sabbath-schools. It contains a greater variety of choice Sabbath-school and popular Hymns, old and new, adapted to social religious circles, than is published in any other one book. Selected and arranged by Professor C. Dunbar. Containing 532 pages. Marble board, leather back,..... $0 50
Black leather, embossed,..... 0 75
Turkey morocco, gilt,..... 1 25
Antique, guilt,..... 1 25

Union Sabbath-School Chorister, containing a great number of the most popular Sabbath-school Hymns of the day, both old and new, and adapted to all Evangelical Churches. Compiled and arranged by the publisher. Paper binding,..... 0 16
Marble board sides, leather backs,..... 0 25
Leather, embossed,..... 0 35
Turkey, full gilt,..... 1 00
Antique, gilt,..... 1 00

Union Musical Tract, containing a number of popular revival Hymns and tunes, for the choir and social circle; also the Choristers' Key, giving the first part of Forty Standard Hymns and Tunes, for the benefit of the leading singer. By Professor C. Dunbar. Retail price,..... 0 05

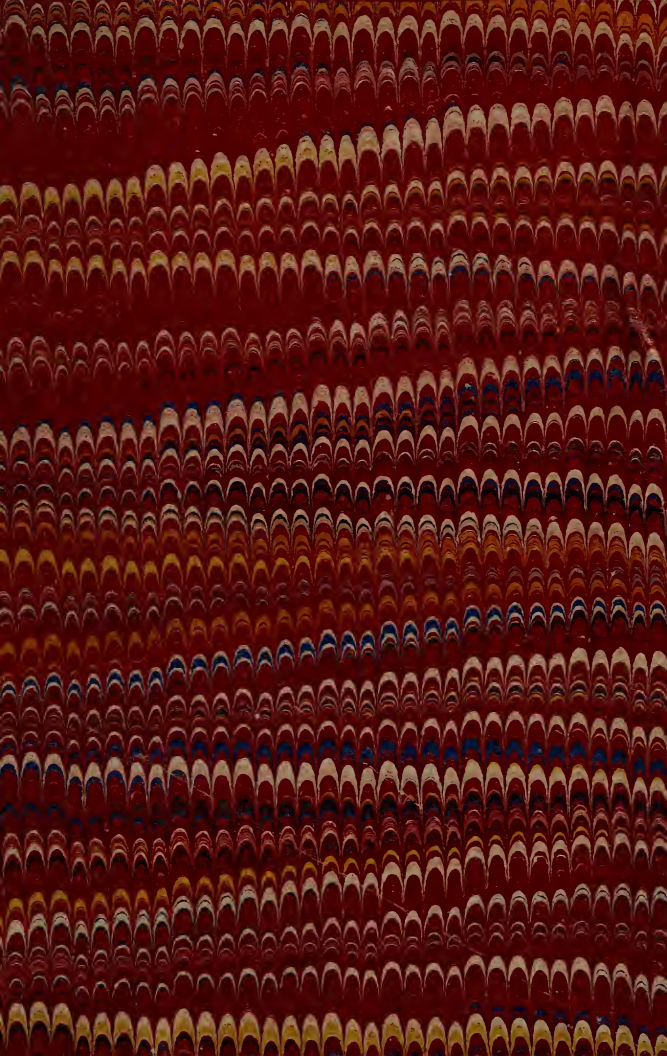
Address **H. M. RULISON,**
QUEEN CITY PUBLISHING HOUSE,
141 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper proces
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: August 2005

PreservationTechnologie
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATIO

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 479 592 1